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He may further allege in excuse, that the *hints*, above referred to, are not over civil. To be sure, it sounds rather odd, to insinuate, that a *soi-disant* champion of orthodoxy may really contribute to propagate the principles of Voltaire! But old men will have their way; and he who has survived the tremendous castigation of the Boston Rebel, need not fear these little scratches. He may justly apply to himself what Cowley says of the Philistine giant:

Brass was his helmet, his boots *Brass*, and o'er
His breast a breastplate of strong *Brass* he wore.

Having thus obviated the most prominent excuses, which his retiring disposition may induce him to allege, I hope he will comply with my request.

I conclude, Mr. Editor, with a reflection. Under what infinite obligations are we to one, who comes all the way from Connecticut to reform the ‘heathen and Indians’ of our unhappy Massachusetts—who informs us how much *more* our fathers believed than we do, and how much *less* we believe than we ought to do—who kindly undertakes to regulate our elections and our psalm books, to promote *union* in our families, to purify our churches, and to cleanse that Augean stable, our University!!

Yours, Mr. Editor,

INSATIABILIS.

FOR THE NORTH-AMERICAN JOURNAL.

Part of the Journal of the celebrated Elizabeth Woodville, previous to her marriage with Lord Grey. She was afterwards Queen to Edward IV. and died in confinement at Southwark, under Henry VII. 1486. The following was extracted from an ancient manuscript preserved in Drummond Castle; the copyist has modernized the original orthography:—

Monday morning.—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Catharine to milk the cows, Rachael the other dairy maid having scalded her hand in so bad a manner the night before. Made a poultice for Richard, and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary.

6 o'clock.—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and beer a little of the stalest. Mem: to talk to the cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

7.—Went to walk with the lady, my mother, in the Court-yard ; fed 25 men and women ; chid Roger severely for expressing some ill will, at attending us with broken meat.

8.—Went into the paddock behind the house with my maid Dorothy, caught Thump the little poney myself, and rode a matter of ten miles without saddle or bridle.

10.—Went to dinner ; John Grey, a most comely youth ; but what is that to me ? a virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little, and stole a great many tender looks at me ; said women could be never handsome in his opinion who were not good tempered : I hope my temper is not intolerable ; nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and he's the most disorderly young man in our family. John Grey likes white teeth ; my teeth are of a pretty good colour, I think ; and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it, and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

11.—Rose from the table. The company all desirous of walking in the fields. John Grey would lift me over every stile, and twice he squeezed my hand with much vehemence. I cannot say I should have any objection to John Grey. He plays at prison-base as well as any of the country gentlemen, is remarkably dutiful to his parents, my Lord and Lady, and never misses church on the Sunday.

3.—Poor Farmer Robinson's house burnt down by accidental fire. John Grey proposed a subscription among the company for the relief of the farmer, and gave no less than four pounds with this benevolent intent.—Mem : Never saw him look so comely as at that moment.

4. Went to prayers.

6.—Fed hogs and poultry.

7.—Supper on the table ; delayed till that time on account of Farmer Robinson's misfortune.—Mem : The goose pie too much baked, and the pork roasted to rags.

10.—The company fast asleep ; these late hours very disagreeable ; said my prayers a second time. John Grey distracted my thoughts too much the first time. Fell asleep and dreamed of John Grey.